-P.E.C-

Corey Family
Genealogy.

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Corey Family Genealogy

Corey Family

Brookline Massachusetts

Compiled By

Rufus George Frederick Candage

Born July 28 1826

Of D

Gleasondale Mass.

November 1911.

For—

Charles Edwin Corey

Of

Winchester. Mass.

Index.

"When found make a note on it."
Capt. Buttle.

Introduction.

I have been asked whether the Corey's were English or Irish descent and have replied English in my opinion. To confirm that opinion, I was informed by the late Mrs. Timothy Corey, that on her visit to England, she found their English home, and said she would like for me to see and examine notes she made concerning it and the family. She did not, as I remember mention name of the place in England. She died not long after and I had no opertunity to examine her notes; but probably they are in possession of some one of her

of her children, can be seen on application and examined by those who wish to do so.

The sources from which I have derived the following account of the Lovey family were marriage into the family in 1853, contact and conversations with its members since that date; the records of the town of Brookline, births, marriages and deaths; history of the town of Watertown, which originally embraced Waltham and Weston, which from the latter came Timothy Lovey the first of the family in Brookline and many other sources.

I have consulted biographical work giving account of early settlers in New England, among which was

Savages Dictionary of Early Settlers finding therein only the name of Giles Corey, pressed to death for witchcraft at Salem, now Danvers. Mass, but the index to the New England Historic Genealogical Register contains names of 55 Coreys, as follow: Capt Corey, Alice, Anne, Arthur, Delorraine, Benjamin, Betsey, Billings, Charlotte, Delano, Solomon Pendre, Ebenezer, Elijah, Elizabeth, Esrah, Eva, Francis, Gideon, Giles, Hannah, Herbert, Isaac, Isabella, Jacob, Jane, John, Jonathan, Joseph, Jubiamah, Lucy, Martha, Martha Skinner, Mary, Nathan, Nathaniel, Oliver, Penelope, Philip, Polly, Prudence, Ralph, Rhoda, Richard, Rachamah, Ruth, Samuel,

Silas, Solomon, Stephen, Wait, Wenham, and William.

The late Mr Deloraine Corey of Maldon, an eminent genealogist told me that he was born in Rhode Island where his ancestors resided for several generations, and that in his research had failed to connect his with the Mass. family. But added they may have been allied to them.

There was another Corey family in Brookline other than that of Capt Timothy. It was that of John who m Betsey Corey, in Brookline Nov. 26. 1788. and in the record both are called of Brookline.

They resided on Clyde Street in the house known to me and land, as the Goldsmith place, which

he purchased of Daniel and Mary White, by deed dated April 2. 1785.
He died in that house (supposed) Oct 6.
in 1803; his widow Betsey d.
Sept. 25. 1845.

They had four daughters:-

1. Elizabeth b in 1789.
2. Harriet b " 1792.
3. Anna b " 1796.
4. Caroline b " 1802.

Elijah and Timothy Covey were appointed guardians of these minor children after the death of John Covey their father.

That leads me to infer that as both he and wife were Coveys, one or both were related to the Coveys who were guardians of these minor children. But as those children

were all girls and did not perpetuate by heirs the name of Covey yet they are here mentioned as Coveys once of Brookline.

There were Coveys of Natick and of South Sudbury now Wayland and the name of Covey is found elsewhere, probably all or nearly all descended from the immigrant ancestor of Isaac of Weston and Timothy of Brookline.

The present Chief of Police of Brookline is a Covey, born Barnstable Mass, does not claim relation with Brookline family, does not know his early ancestors in America.

R. S. F. Bandage November 1911.

The Corey Family.

Thomas Corey was given a grant of land at Chelmsford Mass. in 1662. He m Abigail Gould in 1665, a dau of Francis and Rose Gould b abt. 1650.

The date of birth of Thomas Corey is not stated and can only be inferred from date of his marriage to have been at about 1645

He had a son Thomas who at one time lived in Lexington, his wife's name was Belthica.

From Lexington records we gather the following:-

Samuel, b Feb. 2. 1699-1700, son of Samuel. Samuel son of Belthica Corey, m April 1. 1704.

Bethshuma. children

1. Mary b Feb 19 1724; m Adonijah Flagg.
2. Samuel died soon.
3. Samuel b April 13 1728 m 1750 Elizabeth Perry of Natick and had children:- Chambers, b Oct 3. 1751.
   Lois b April 22, 1754.
   Samuel b Aug 25. 1757.
4. Joseph b May 14 1730; d young.
5. Benjamin b Mar 28 1732-3.
6. Hannah b Jan 26. 1735-6. d Apr 1735.
7. Ephraim, b Mar. 13. 1736-7.
8. Lois. b Feb 16. 1738-9.
9. William b Sept. 28, 1741. m April 30 1758. Mary Burns.
10. Joseph b Aug. 15. 1744.

11. Lucy. b May 11. 1746; d July 1773

Josiah Corey and Beulah Warren published at Weston Nov. 7. 1765

Thomas Corey and Abigail Hinds m June 6. 1774, at Weston.

Widow Mary Corey and Daniel Medup pub. July 19 1730, at Weston.

Coreys of Weston.

Thomas Corey m Hannah Page; had 7 children bapt at Weston, Dec 29. 1723. Hannah was admitted as probably the eldest son Joseph Thomas the father d Mar. 22, 1738-9.

Children.

1. Joseph. d single, his father settled his estate.

2. Hannah bpt. Oct. 29. 1723: m June 27. 1734 Joshua Johnson of Lancaster. Mass.
3. Thomas bapt Dec 29 1723
4. Samuel " " " "
5. Ebenezer. " " " "
6. Jonathan " " " "; m 1726 Mary Chute of Rowley.
7. Abigail bapt. Dec 29. 1723.
8. Isaac. " " " "
9. William, whether son of Thomas not certain; m Aug 1. 1744 Esther Frost of Natick

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Isaac Corey[3]. Thomas[2]. Thomas[1]. of Weston, m there April 22 1739 Abigail Priest of Watertown

dau of James and Sarah Priest; she b June 3. 1718 – her husband Isaac Corey probably born about the time she was, or a year or two before. the father of Abigail (Priest) Corey. d at Weston, Mar. 1756. aged 81 years, which made his birth 1675.

Children of Isaac and Abigail (Priest) Corey:

1. Isaac. b Jan. 9, 1739-40; m Ruhamah and had. Abigail b at Weston May 20 1764, and Leonard, bapt. April 30, 1769. Isaac was a soldier at Lake George in 1758.
2. Timothy, b ~~Oct. 27, 1741~~ April 2 1742, the ancestor of the Brookline family.
3. Eunice. b June 27 1744.

4. Nathan, b May 18, 1747.
5. Elisha b May 21, 1751.

Timothy[4] Isaac[3], Thomas[2] Thomas[1], b at Weston, 2d. child of Isaac and Abigail (Priest) Lovey, Oct. 27, 1741, removed to Brookline and purchased the Lovey Hill farm when a young man and m Elizabeth Briggs of Roxbury Sept. 1766/7 He was a man of sturdy habits and character; a farmer; a Captain in the Revolutionary War; a Freemason; member of the First Parish Church; he d in Brookline Sept. 19, 1811. in his 70th year.

His funeral was held with Masonic honors, (he being the Chaplain of Washington Lodge of Masons of Roxbury) in the First Parish Church Brookline, and his body interred in the Corey tomb, Walnut Street cemetery, which had been constructed by him, and there has reposed in quiet for a century at this writing. His widow survived him till when her body was entombed beside his there to await the sound of the last trump which shall call the dead to life again.

Several anecdotes of Capt

Timothy are traditional in the family; one being how he became a Freemason and reveals something of his character. It is as follows:-

His sons Elijah and Timothy joined Washington Lodge, the fact came to his knowledge and he said to Elijah: "Tell about the Masons whom you have joined in Roxbury?"

Elijah replied, they are a body of fine men, banded together for the purpose of mutual aid and assistance in case of need very social and helpful to one another, and if you would

like to be associated with them and know more of their doings say the word Father, and I will propose you for membership in our Lodge." Elijah you do it," was his reply, "for I would like to know as much about it as my sons".

So he was made a Mason, became Chaplain of his Lodge, and was buried with Masonic honors, the Bible, emblem of his sacred office, being borne on his coffin to his tomb.

His children were:-

(1.) Elizabeth b Dec. 19. 1767: m (1). Moses Robbins of Brighton.

He d. and she m.(2) Ebenezer Brown of Brighton. She d. at Cambridgeport in May 1840.

She bore four children:— Polly and Eliza Robbins by first husband, and Ebenezer and Amelia Brown by the second; Amelia Brown, m. her cousin Aaron Bovey, son of Elijah and Polly (Leeds) Bovey.

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2. Elijah b Nov. 7. 1773; m.(1) Nov. 30, 1797. Polly, dau of Jonathan and Patience Leeds of Dorchester, she b July 27 1779, d. Oct. 21, 1827. He m.(2) Jan. 18. 1829; widow Bussey

Stearns Davis.

His children all by 1st wife were:

1. Aaron b Oct 23. 1798; m his cousin Amelia Brooke. pub. Dec 5 1832.
2. Elijah Jr. b Aug. 4. 1800; m Mary Richards of Roxbury May 5. 1821; she b Mar. 10. 1800.
3. Timothy b June 21, 1803; d Feb. 21. 1807.
4. Mary Glover, Mar. 20. 1806; m pub. April 4, 1833. Rev John Pratt, of New Haven Conn.
5. Elizabeth Griggs. b Nov. 21. 1809. Rev. Barnas Sears D.D.
6. Timothy b. April 21. 1810. d Oct. 22, 1816.

Elijah Cressy d in 1859 in his 86th year: his widow d in 187

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3. child of Timothy and Elizabeth Briggs Cressy was,

Juliana b Feb. 16. 1776 m Jan. 25. 1801. William Cheever of Chelsea, Mass. a descendant of Ezekiel Cheever, the immigrant and early Boston School Teacher.

They had children as follows:-

1. Charles a shipmaster, m and resided in Liverpool Eng. had a son and daughter.
2. George b
3. William b. m and a

one time resided in the Cross stone house Brookline.

4. Abby. b lived single d in Augusta Me.

5 Susan b

6. Harriet b

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4. Anna b April 5 1778. m. Oct. 27. 1803. James Deeds of Dorchester, also of Brookline with house on site of the present Public Library. They had James, Timothy and Elizabeth; perhaps others.

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5. John b Mar. 26, 1780; d single July 11 1811.

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5. Timothy, b April 28. 1782; m Nov. 16 1806, Mary Gardner of Brookline b Sept. 2. 1782, He resided in his father's homestead Brookline was a farmer, Freemason, one of the original members, deacon and liberal supporter of the Brookline Baptist Church, an active and esteemed citizen. He d Aug. 10, 1844, his widow many years after. Their children were:

1. Caleb Gardner, b Feb. 10. 1809 d May 3. 1817.
2. Mary Ann, b Nov. 30. 1810, d single
3. Sarah, b July 28. 1812, d single

4. Timothy b Jan. 11. 1814; d Sept. 18. 1814.

5. Susan Gardner. b Mar. 20, 1816, m May 19. 1840, Gilbert Pullen of Augusta Me.

6. Lucy. b April 16, 1818; d Aug 30, 1818.

7. Lucy Maria. b Dec. 29. 1819. m May 7. 1849, Joseph Ricker of Belfast Me.

9. Timothy. b. Mar. 4. 1822; m Sarah E Ricker. He resided on his father's and grandfather's homestead; d in Brookline

She d

They had 7 children

Lizzie. b in vicinity Philadelphia

2. Timothy b. m resides in Brookline stone house Brookline.

3 Samuel b m resides in Newton

4 Henry b. resides in Newton m.

5. Kirk b m resides in Newton.

6 Eva b single lives in the homestead Brookline

7. Linda b single resides in old homestead in Brookline

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9 Eliza b July 26 1824; m June 1, 1851, George Brooks She d her husband

d in 1887.

Children

1 Agatha
2 George Kendall
3. Gardner Covey.

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10. Abby Jackson b. Nov 16 1816 single, resides in Brookline.

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7. child of Capt Timothy Covey and Wife Elizabeth Briggs, was Sally, b. April 23, 1786; m Dec. 26. 1815, William Graves of Brooklyn N.Y. - Had children.

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8. last and youngest of the

children of Capt. Timothy Corey
and wife Elizabeth Gregg. was
Susanna. b May 25, 1788. m
May 12. 1813. John Dean
of Cambridge.
She had one son
and several daughters; she d.
and is buried in the Walnut Hills
Cemetery in a lot next that of
the writers. Her daughters
married, her son remained. Greg
was alive the last the writer heard.

Family of Elijah Corey Sen.
and Polly Leeds his wife.

Children.

1 Aaron, b Oct. 23, 1798, m his cousin Amelia Brown, pub at Brookline Dec. 5. 1822.

By whom he had Willis, Amelia and others He resided of a time in Alton, Ill. then at Cambridge Mass, where he and wife died. Amelia their daughter, m Whittemore of Cambridge; he died, leaving a son, His widow d in Roxbury June 1907, and was buried at Mt Auburn.

2. Elijah Jr. b Aug. 14, 1800, m May 5, 1821, Mary Richards of Roxbury b Mar. 10, 1800; adopted daughter of David R. and Elizabeth Bragg, and a lineal descendant of Edward Richards, the immigrant who came from England to Weymouth in 1630, and settled in Dedham in 1635. They had children,

1. Charles Richards, b. Nov. 15, 1822
2. Amanda Maria, b. Oct. 28, 1824.
3. Francis Henry, b. Jan. 27, 1827
4. Elizabeth Augusta, b Jan. 17, 1829
5. Mary Cornelia, b Jan. 15, 1831.
6. Frederick Adolphus, b June 20, 1833.
7. Theodore Franklin, b Oct. 17, 1836.

3. Timothy b June 21, 1803; d Feb. 21, 1807.

4. Mary Glover b Mar. 20, 1806; m pub. Brookline April 11 1833, Rev John Pratt of New Haven bom.

5. Elizabeth Briggs, b Nov. 21, 1809; m. pub. Brookline, Jan. 31, 1830. Rev Barnas Sears. D. D.; 12 years Prest. Newton Theological Seminary; 12 years. Prest. Brown University and 12 agent of the George Peabody Fund for education in the Southern States. he and wife ~~bom~~ d. and were interred in the Covey tomb Brookline.

The last several children all dying single or childless

except Capt. Wm B Bears of Brookline, who, with wife and four sons are now the representatives of their family.

Elijah Corey Sen, his 2nd wife, his son Elijah's children and Br. Bears, wife and their children the writer knew personally; also his son Asaph, his son Willis and daughter Mrs Whitmore.

Of Capt. Timothy's family I knew only Deacon Elijah and Susanna Mrs. Bean. Of Deacon Timothy's family my acquaintance included his widow, daughters Mary Ann, Sarah, Eliza, Abby Jack-

son; their son Timothy, his wife and their children.

Of the family of Julianna who m. William Chever of Chelsea I had acquaintance with Charles his son and daughter; with Abby more intimately and with William and wife and George a slight acquaintance

But with the children of Elijah Jr and wife Mary Richards. I was as intimate as one could be who married into the family came in contact and had to do with each one. And of them I shall write with personal knowledge and with

feelings of kinship love and regard for them all and for their children and grand children

But before doing so I ought to add my testimony to worth esteem and character of Elijah Sen for the benefit of his descendants.

Elijah Corey[5], Timothy[4], Isaac[3], Thomas[2], Thomas[1], was a farmer, whose farm extended up the western slope of Corey Hill, named for the Corey family to its summit. He married Polly Leeds and brought her a bride to old White-Corey-Bartlett house on Washington Street Brookline to reside, and there their

children were born, and continued to live till they were married. In it Polly Leeds his wife died. He built the mansion house in which he resided till ~~his~~ her death, about 1838 or 9 (1837) and to it brought his 2d. wife in 1839. His son Elijah and family lived in the old house till 1840, when it was sold to James Bartlett with the farm upland ~~with~~ the hill, for $12,000. It was said at that time, that Deacon Lovey made a shrewd and good bargain in the sale. Mr Bartlett tilled its soiled for some 40 years, brought

his children from its products, worked hard was economical and prudent supported his family comfortably, and died. His heirs sold the estate to Elon D. Jordan Esq. of Boston for $125,000! so that in the end notwithstanding Dea. Lovey's shrewedness, the Bartlett purchase brought good returns.

Deacon Lovey was not only shrewd, but industrious, made good investments, accumulated property which he knew well how to look after, and though called close, was a public spirited man and in his wisdom, a generous one.

He was a member of Washington Lodge of Masons of Roxbury, as were his brother Timothy, and his father Capt. Timothy. He, his brother Timothy and son Elijah, were founders of the Baptist Church Brookline in 1828; he and brother Timothy deacons of that church, and he the largest contributor to its maintenance and support, with Timothy and his son Elijah helpers to the extent of their abilities. He was a founder liberal contributor of the Newton Theological Seminary; a trustee and left in his will a handsome sum for its use. He was a town

officer willing to serve as such for the public good, and in other ways showed his interest in public affairs, and used his means for the welfare of his fellowmen.

If such are to be called close, tis a pity others are not more like him.

He was a handsome and genial person to meet and converse with. At his house where I called a few years before his death, he said to me, "You've been a great traveler!" having in mind my voyages over and around the world. And then

with twinkling eye, added, "So have I, I've been once as far away from this spot, where I was born, as Providence R.I." The old house in which he lived with his 1st wife; the newer one where he lived with his 2d, and in which he and she died, and from it were taken for burial, or to the Baptist Church for their funereal obsequies, have been demolished. Few persons are now alive who know their history or knew their owner and occupants. Therfore I am pleased to make this statement concerning them and for their descendants.

Elijah Covey Jr[6], Elijah Son[5], Timothy[4], Isaac[3], Thomas[2], Thomas[1] and his descendants of the 7th and 8th generations; its of the 7th. I now write for of this branch I knew them all. Later I will be of the 8th. whom I also knew, and of most still know. They all to me were and still are, near and dear and out of fulness of heart write this account of them.

Elijah Jr and wife Mary Richards both, had departed this life, before I knew the family, and left behind a good record, and seven children all of whom I personally knew and of them I here give the outline of their lives.

1. Charles Richards Lowell was b. in Brookline November 15, 1822; attended the public schools of his native town; became a market man, at Quincy Market Boston; m. Eliza Wetherell of Worcester, April 25, 1844, and resided at No. 2 North Square, Boston.

It was there in 1850 that my short acquaintance with him and wife began, and there too I met his sister Augusta for the first time. His health, never good, failed him, and by advice of his physician, he took a sea voyage to the Mediterranean in the winter of 1850 and 1851, in bark Sultana of Boston, Capt. Watson.

He returned the following Spring in the same vessel, without having received any but temporary benefit from the voyage. His malady, pulmonary consumption, grew worse, and more distressing and he d in Boston July 21 1851, a young man in his 29th year.

He was buried at Worcester in the family lot of his widows family.

His widow Eliza Witherell Covey, a young, handsome and engaging woman, m within a year Capt Oshley a sea captain, but followed her first husband to the other world not long after. She was childless thus ending this line of the Covey family.

2. Amanda Maria Corey, was b in Brookline, Oct. 28 1824; she attended the pubic Schools of her native town; was a thoughtful shy, and reticent child, and developed into a poetess and writer of more than ordinary merit.

She m May 8 1844. James Edmond, a native of Portland, Me. later of Brookline and Boston where he resided and was a merchant trader, etc.

Their honeymoon was spent in a trip to England, Ireland, Scotland and France, in which they visited many interesting and historic scenes and of which she wrote several poems, but she saw

to wean her from her native Brookline for which she ever held a strong attach and love. She wrote a poem on the subject which revealed her feelings, and as it was characteristic of her I love insert it:.

I'm pining for the birds and flowers
Around my native home;
I'm pining for the wildwood bowers
Through which I loved to roam;
And for the gentle summer breeze
That brought the earnest words
I fancied in the hum of bees
And silver song of birds.

I'm pining for the old green hill
That rises high and grand —
The soil my father used to till
With rough but honest hand;
And for a dear, a hallowed spot
Beyond the rolling wave
Where my spirit never hath forgot,
I'm pining for his grave!

I'm pining for my mother's smile,
And for her gentle voice;
The little ones, whose sportive wile
Oft made my heart rejoice;

A sister's welcome warm and true,
A brother's greeting hand,
And all the dear old friends I knew
When in my native land.

I've gazed on Scotia's heathered hills,
In purple bloom arrayed –
Her lakes of blue, her silver rills
Her hands have lovelier made;
I've traversed Erin's emerald isle,
So beautiful, so fair; –
The contrast of her woes the while
My spirit ill could bear.

I've gazed on England's pomp and power,
Her cities known to fame,
Where palace proud and lofty tower
Bear high and royal name;
And on that land of many days,
The sunny land of France,
Where peasants in the harvest days
Upon the red grapes dance; –

But oh! not Scotia, fresh and fair,
Nor Erin, fairer still,
Nor England with her riches rare,
Nor France with vine clad hill
Have aught so lovely and so grand,
So beautiful and wild,
As thou, my own, my native land,
Thou nature's fairest child

Glad to return to the place of her birth, where to make a home, and

there I called on her and family with her sister Augusta of whom she was always very fond, in the late autumn of 1850.

She then had three children, one an infant and she was happy in their care and in odd moments, writing poems while her husband during the day was away in the city at business.

But that was not to be her permanent home, for in a few years they removed to Philadelphia and there resided for a time. She there made friends through personal contact and through her published poems and writings but it was not her loved Brooklyn to which she and family returned

later to spend the remainder of her life caring for her family writing for publication and ministering to the enjoyment of her friends relatives, her church and the community where she was born, loved and honored.

When her sister Augusta and I were married in Boston, she was the first of the family to make us a wedding call.

When Augusta was at sea with one her letters came to us at ports where touched crowded in love and tender affection.

Her health like that of her elder brother and others of her family was never good, and developed into consumption with which she suffered many years, with Christian resignation

She loved life, clung to it till the last. It had been a joy to her notwithstanding a week constitution and her suffering from the fatal disease with which she was stricken. Yet she seldom complained, but appeared cheerful, welcomed her friends that true nobility of womanhood always pleasing to behold and share its sunshine, though realizing that her life must be short.

Her last poem a prayer, blessing and benediction to her husband, children, sister and brothers, was composed, written and handed to a friend to be kept till after the end came, was done a few days before

her departure and was as follow:-

"Keep me not here while I tremble and shiver,
Stay not my feet where the dark waters be
For over the river, just over the river,
Amy and Jamey are waiting for me!

Hark! to the sound! The sweet sound of voices:
Lovingly, tenderly, Come mother! Come!
Oh! how my spirit exultant rejoices!
Darlings! I'm coming! I'm nearing my home!

Dearer than children, than father or mother,
Watching and waiting, there's one by my side;
Next to my Saviour, and next to no other,
He, who once wore me and made me his bride.

How can I leave thee? beloved of my bosom?
How can I leave thee, to wander alone?
Blessed Redeemer! Oh! comfort the mourner;
Hold Thou, his wounded heart close to thine own.

Children! Dear Children! so dear to me ever,
Now is the cup of our agony given;
Now must we part, but we part not forever,
I have loved you on earth and shall love you in heaven.

Friends! Gentle friends! who have strewn my sick pillow
With blossoms of hope, of peace, and of love,-
Sister! Sweet sister! always on the billows-
Brothers beloved! I shall meet you above!-

"Sister! Sweet sister! did meet her above"

as a fondly trust some ten years later as did her children, husband and brothers beloved, all in due time.

She passed hopefully on to meet Amy and Jenny, May 30, 1862, at the early age of 37 years, but left behind her the sweet aroma of a life of usefulness of sweet song, and of tender memories.

She was laid to rest in the family lot, in the Walnut Street cemetery, for fourteen years mother's ashes were removed from the Covey tomb and placed beside her, her children all but one, and her husband have followed her to the last earthly home of all living, the grave.

Her children were:-

1. Florence Amanda, b in 1845. d single in 1911.

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2. George Messenger. b Jan. 23, 1848. m a New York lady; had a dau ghter; m and resides or did, in New York, as does her mother. He d in Boston in the 70's.

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3. James Walter, b July 20 1850; m Miss Batchelder of Brookline he d. Feb. 14. 1876; his widow d had one dau. Amy single resides in Brookline.

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4. Amy Richards b May 8, 1855, d Dec. 17. 1858.

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5. Jeannette W. b Nov. 12 1856 d. Dec. 29, 1858.

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6. Theodora Augusta. b Feb. 7, 1860 survives single

James Edmond the father m (2) 1865, Widow Emma Walde who still survives; he d in Boston in 1881 or 1882

this ends the family in the male line.

Francis Henry Lorey

3. child of Elijah Jr. and Mary Richards his wife, was b in Brookline, Jan. 27 1827. He was a farmer and tilled the soil of a part of his grandfathers farm in Brookline.

He m(1) Sept. 2, 1847, Lucy Elizabeth Stearns of Brookline she b Sept. 3, 1825, and bore him four children; she d Feb. 24, 1870, and was buried in his family lot Walnut Street cemetery Brookline.

He m(2) Sarah J Sawtelle of and at Northboro. Jan. 24, 1872, and d at Winchester mass. Dec. 30, 1892, and was

buried at Brookline beside the body of his 1st. wife.
; his widow still survives.

It was at the house of Francis Henry Gorey I first made a called in Brookline with his sister Augusta in December 1850.

We rode out from Boston in a sleigh, over the Milldam Road paid toll then to and through the village to the house, Beacon street, now more direct, not having been built.

The family then consisted of himself, wife. two children, and his two brothers Frederick and Theodore,

I was introduced by Augusta

kindly and hospitably received and treated and from that time to the death of his wife and of himself I was often their guest, and always a welcome one. I owe to them, their memory and their children a debt of gratitude for all their kindness which I can only pay by writing this sketch of them.

When Augusta and I were married I was received and treated as one of the family when at home from my sea voyages. And when their youngest child was born he was named Willis Refus Loudage

in my honor, a sure proof of the loving relationship existing between us. An honor I highly appreciated, the more so as Augusta bore me no child ren and one never forgotten by me.

When his charming wife was attacked with a short but fatal illness, Augusta and I were oft by her bedside to comfort and soothe her, and to offer assistance and sympathy. We followed her body to its last resting place, mingled our tears with her husband's and children's, comforted and soothed them as best we could having deep sympathy

for their loss and sorrow.

A little over a year later there came to me a like deep and lasting sorrow in the death of Augusta, my loved and loving wife. And when the heavens were like brass to me and the skies darkened by clouds dark as night, he and the family gathered about me to comfort and soothe my sorrows and pour balm upon the sore wounds of my afflictions.

Then Willie my name sakes was taken away old wounds were reopened, sorrow again overwhelmed his family and me. I attended his funeral and his

and his burial wept with the family that wept, mingled my tears with theirs and found comfort in so doing. And there come to me, as I write precious memories of the brotherly kind by Christian of Quincy and his family in my hours of bitter afflictions anguish and sorrow that only a heart of stone would not feel and be glad.

When he was about to sell his place in Brookline he sought my advice, as he did in other instances. In his illness at Brookline and Rockboro I was the one friend to whom he would listen and by him be

guided. We were knit together by ties akin to those that existed between David and Jonathan.

He named me in his will as executor of his estate; I attended his funeral and burial and mourned his death as that of a dearly loved brother. I look forward with joy of anticipation in meeting him his brothers and sisters in the future world where partings shall be no more but joyous companionship in a world without end.

His children all by his 1st wife were:

1. Mary Louisa, b June 20

56

1848; m May 26, 1875 at and of Northboro Frederick W Richardson a farmer. He d

She d 1910. They had 6 children.

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2. Henry Goddard b Jan. 1. 1850; m at and of Northboro Mar. 12, 1872. Hortense M Stone. They have one dau.

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3. Charles Edwin b in Brookline, Oct. 13. 1851; m at end of Winchester, Mass, June 8, 1875, Henrietta E Richardson, she b Mar. 12, 1854.

Children.

1. William Bandage, b Aug. 6, 1878;
2. Mabel Depler b Aug. 6, 1878.
3. Preston Edwin, b April 21, 1884.

William Bandage, perpetuates the names of his uncle and of the writer.

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4. Willie Rufus Bandage, b Sept. 15, 1860; d Nov. 8, 1876, at Northboro, a promising lad of 16 years; named for the writer.

Elizabeth Augusta Covey. 4th. child of Elijah Jr. and Mary Richards Covey, was b in Brookline, Jan. 17. 1829.

She received her education in the public and High school of her native town, and like her sister Amanda, was of poetic instincts and tastes and wrote fine verse, but not for publication.

She m. in Boston, May 1. 1853, Rufus Lurge Frederick Candage, a shipmaster. He was b at Blue Hill, Me. July 28. 1826; his ancestors being of the early settlers of that town, originally from Mass. He was educated in district schools and a Blue Hill Acad-

envy, founded in 1803. He entered in youth upon his sea life, and at time of his first acquaintance was master and about to sail on a voyage round Cape Horn, to Valparaiso, Chile, in 1850.

I made the voyage, corresponded with her; sold my vessel, returned home, renewed our acquaintance In the meantime her brother Charles died with whom she had made her home, and she was boarding in Boston with his widow. I proposed marriage she accepted the proposal. I then made a voyage round the world via Cape Horn, San Francisco, Shanghai China, Cape of Good Hope, St

Callao, London, New York and Boston. My father had died in the mean time; my mother in 1850. We were both, in a sense, now alone in the world; we married, and from that time to the time of her decease our fortunes, joys, and sorrows were united.

Again I made a voyage round the globe, via Cape Horn, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Canton, China, Cape of Good Hope and New York where she joined me for my stay in port. She returned to Boston. I sailed round Cape Horn to Callao, Chincha Islands, and back to Hampton Roads and Baltimore.

there we spent some two months together; visited Washington, etc. and she sailed north me from there to New York.

There the ship underwent repairs and loaded for San Francisco she spend her time with me. Her brother Henry spent a week or so at the United States Hotel, and Theodore went to sea with me for his health.

The ship finished loading, Augusta returned to her home in Boston, and I sailed away round Cape Horn to San Francisco and Hong Kong. At the latter she took cargo and 411 Chinese steerage

passengers to Adelaide and Melbourne, Australia, and from there went to Bombay India. Theodore had recovered his health, did not wish to continue a sailor, our ship was not to load home, and I secured him a berth on the ship Game Cock of Boston to go to Calcutta and from thence home.

My ship lay four months at Bombay, waiting business, then loaded for Liverpool via Cape of Good Hope St. Helena, making my third voyage round the globe. I wrote from Bombay to Augusta to meet me at Liverpool, and found her there Mar

1857. on my arrival she having gone thither in the Cunard Steam ship Arabia, Capt Stone, and met after a two years separation.

From that time till her death we were not again separated for any length of time, and she continued with me on my sea voyages for ten years thereafter.

Her first was from Liverpool to Calcutta and return to London. Her next was from London to Bombay and return to Liverpool; then to New York, she having been 2 years from home and 3 4.

The ship laid up at New York all that summer, and she

and I visited friends at home my friends in Maine whom I had not seen for 9 years, and she for the first time.

We were both joyously welcomed hospitably treated, feasted and made much of.

The next child of my brother Robert and wife was named Elizabeth Augusta Corey. in her honor. That child is now over 50 years of age single, lives on her fathers homestead, her parents are dead. all other of her sisters and one brother are married. Augusta has been gone 40 years, but she perpetuates her name. We visited my native town together several times after the

always to be warmly received and even now her memory is green among those left who then made her acquaintance.

The ship was made ready for sea, she returned to New York with (with) me to remain till she sailed in October 1859, and then returned home.

The ship went to Mobile to load cotton and make a winter passage across the Atlantic. She was driven ashore in a northeaster from her anchors, when two strides loaded for Liverpool and became a wreck after being my sea home for more than five years and Augustus

for half that time!
To add to that misfortune, I received a telegram from New York that owners of the ship had failed, abandoned the ship to the wreckers, and were owing me some $3300 of back pay. And so it was well that Augusta stayed at home.

I was all winter at Mobile saving the cargo; wrecking the ship, defending a suit in the courts against extortionate claims for salvage; shipping some cotton saved to port of destination, advertising selling the damaged ship, wreck, and wreckage, settling and paying all expenses etc.

And it was March 1860 when

I returned to New York and home to Boston.

I recovered about half the sum due from the ships owners the balance went to profit and loss account.

I then took charge of ship Electra Bfork of Boston and sailed for San Francisco in April 1860, Augusta going with me. We arrived out, discharged, ballasted, and sailed to Baker's Island, 13 miles from the equator and loaded guano, sailed from there to Hampton Roads, had a short passage and were informed by the pilot, that Abram Lincoln was elected President, and that several Southern States had seceded from the Union.

We went to Norfolk Va. the next day Mar. 4 1861. Abram Lincoln was inaugurated President and we read his address in Norfolk papers.

We recived orders to go to New York and hastened thither glad of the thought that to end our voyage.

But not so. We found that our ship had been rechartered to go to Havre, France to land her cargo. We were disappointed. Augusta wished to go home and see her friends. But the owner said to her, "Go in the ship, and visit Paris, this may be your only opertunity in life to do so." She concluded to follow his suggestion.

Our other crew was shipped, under

and provisions furnished and we sailed for a stormy passage across the Atlantic in March 1861.

We had gales and rough seas. took a Havre pilot 29 days out. He told us the tides were neap, and it would be a week before there would be water to dock ship, and so we ran into Cherbourg harbor to wait that time.

We roamed over its 3½ miles of breakwater, mounting 350 guns; about the old town founded by the Romans; about its dockyards where vessels for the French navy were under construction etc.

It was April and with a

French gentleman took a ride of 12 miles through Normandy to Barfleur. The grass and crops were green, daisys in bloom; the polite peasants in neat costumes bowed and courtesied to us as we passed and the ride was a delight.

At Barfleur we ascended steps to the lantern gallery of its tall light house and looked down into the small harbor from whence William the Conqueror sailed with his fleet of 1400 or 1500 vessels for the conquest of England.

There while viewing the scene and conversing about it, our French friend said to us:-

"You have French names!"

I replied no, English. My family has lived in America more than 200 years, and their ancestors in England, for centuries.

"That," said he, "is all likely to be true but your name, giving it the French pronunciation, "Conyngham," is certainly French."

His assertion was a surprise to me; it caused me to make research, the result of which, in later years revealed the fact that he was right, and that prob. all my first English ancestor was of Norman blood and must have been with the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.

That suggestion made me take

up the study of genealogy in the line of my own ancestors and their families, and incidentally that of the Covey family, the result of which, is to be found in the pages of this little book. "Great oaks from little acorns grow", and the word dropped at Basseterre by that Frenchman, has been productive of 50 years of genealogical research and study and of employment in odd hours, giving much pleasure!

We docked ship at Havre after a week at Cherbourg, were there over two months; visited Rouen, Paris, Versailles, etc, saw the most interesting sights and places of

those most interesting historic places, which were a joy to Augusta for the rest of her life and in my memory are so still.

The Civil War began with the firing on Fort Sumpter in 1861 while we were at Havre. American ships were at a disadvantage, and ours for which it was intended to seek and make a voyage East to China, or India, and to return home in ballast. And to our regret, for our sea experiences had begotten in us the cosmopolitan desire for roaming over our globe.

We sailed from Havre for home the first of June, had a fine summer passage, moderate

winds and smooth seas. We had reach the vicinity of Georges Banks at the entrance to Massachusetts Bay, when on a fine afternoon a brig was seen on our lee bow standing across our track. I examined her with my spyglass, saw she was flying a Spanish flag in which the folds of bunting it was made of could be seen, showing it was new and hoisted for the first time. Her sails were cotton duck; her spars, rig and hull, were American; I concluded she was a Confederate privateer, but kept my thoughts to myself and ordered our ship about and upon the other tack. That was done

our ship given a good full by the
the wind and soon left her far
astern and out of sight.
We arrived at Boston shortly after
July 3, 1861; spent our Fourth at
Brookline with brother Henry and
family, and in the evening went
to the top of Corey Hill to see the
fire works on Boston Common.
We saw them and also the fire
at East Boston which consumed
the Sectional dry dock.
A day or two thereafter a vessel
arrived in Boston and reported
the Confederate brig Jeff Davis,
near Georges Bank capturing and
destroying American vessels, the
description given of her proving

that she was the vessel we had seen and ran away from. Her decoy Spanish flag giving me suspicion of her character and prevented the capture and destruction of our good ship Electric Spark!

Freights for ships were at a stand still, and our ship was offered to the United States government for the blockade of Southern ports. I to command her or some other. Neither were accepted for the reason that the government, as stated had all the ships and commanders necessary to put down the war of the rebellion, it thought in 90 days! So I and our ship had no part of active duty in the Civil War,

although ready and willing - even desirous - of doing our part.

The first disastrous battle at Bull Run, Va. was fought, gloom settled over the northern states, and instead of 90 days the war lasted four long years, during which Augusta and I were sailing the world over and escaping Confederate privation in the Electric Spark.

We left, loaded and sailed to San Francisco, then to Puget Sound, and carried with us the news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson, the first victories won by Gen. Grant, in the Civil War.

There we loaded lumber for

Melbourne Australia; was over two months in the Sound in doing so. Washington Territory then had about 15,000 population; at this writing it has 1.500.000!

We sailed for Melbourne, had 75 days passage, and arrived to learn that New Orleans had been capture, that Gen. Butler was in possession and had issued his famous order preventing women from insulting those who wore the U.S. uniform.

The people of Melbourne were sympathizers with the South and highly indignant over Gen Butlers order, and we had battle of words over it with several.

It was at Melbourne, from Mr. and Mrs. formerly of Brookline that we learned of the death of Sister Amanda. We dined at their home "Brookline Cottage" the day the news came to us, and though they were cordial and kind had known Amanda, and the family, it was a sad occasion for us.

In Melbourne I met my brother Brooks from whom I had been parted for 16 years! He came 40 miles from his mine in Mount Blackwood to our ship - it was a happy meeting - we talked over days long gone far into the small hours of night, laughed and cried for joy and for sorrow over events that had happened

He was pleased with Augusta, he visited his gravity mine; she was the first American lady seen in that region and won the respect and regard of all with whom she come in contact. The miners proclaimed a holiday during our few days stay in our honor, and did all in their power to make our visit a pleasant one.

My brother was the only one among several hundred, 600 was the estimate, who sympathized with the North in the Civil War. and when good news came he took his stand in the centre of the square in the village swung his hat round in the air and shouted three

lusty cheers at top of his voice, all knowing that it was "bandage" And I to this day honor his memory for having done so.

We returned from Mount Blackwood, to Melbourne and our ship laden with presents and benedictions of the rough miners, as the brother and sister of Brooks for whom they held sincere regards, and for Augusta their first American lady visitor who had won their respect.

We saw the sights of Melbourne dined and went to the theatre to see Joe Jefferson, in the "Cricket on the Hearth" with a Chinese gentleman and wife, who 6 years before as a passenger with me

in ship Jamestown from Hong Kong to Australia. We were warm friends, and Augusta was the friend of his wife and only child a bright boy of 5. He wished to charter our ship for the voyage to Hong Kong and return he to go in and load her back, and was much disappointed in not doing so.

But I chartered her to load guano at the Chincha Islands free of war risk premiums and free of risk of capture by Confederate cruisers then in Eastern Seas, and at £5. 5/0. per ton, a fine business.

We were at Melbourne some two months, our crew was changed

the ships cargo landed, freight and all bills settled and paid, and my brother came from his mine to see us off and bid us adieu.

We set sail, he accompanied us a few miles, grasped our hands, and with blinding tears said good by, got into his boat to return waved his hand; we parted never more in this life to meet! Had at Mount Blackwood 1870, a year or more before Augusta! Did they meet on the other shore? Shall I meet them? I hope so.

We had a good passage to Callao. Augusta's first voyage there. We visited Lima, saw its sights, Callao also and went to the Chincha

Islands 350 miles S. and there spent three months.

We fished; gathered and pressed sea moss; visited the main coast at Pisco; had dinners, dances etc. on ships at the islands, and the time slipped by quickly and pleasantly.

The ship finished loading, got under way; hove aback clear of the fleet, served a turkey breakfast to the captains and ladies of the fleet, bade them adieu; fired a salute, dipped our flag; waved hands and sailed away to Callao.

There again visited Lima; friends at Callao, ashore and afloat; received orders to proceed to Queenstown, Ireland for further orders.

and then sailed away around Cape Horn, homeward bound.

We had a fair passage of 90 odd days, took a Queenstown pilot, left him in charge to keep the under sail outside the harbor, and Augusta and I landed in the pilot's boat.

We spent four days with the family of John Dawson on the hill overlooking the harbor and its approaches could see our ship in the offing therefrom.

Visited Passage, Cork, Blarney Castle, etc. received orders to go to London, which pleased us and we sailed away.

It was summer, long days, short (?) nights

smooth seas and pleasant days, and the passage round to London good and our ship was put into Victoria dock to land her cargo.

Augusta and I went to Regents Circle to board with other American shipmasters and their wives. There were a goodly number of American ships in port, we had plenty of company and enjoyed our stay there. We visited the chief places of interest in and about the city, the homes of several British shipmasters of my acquaintance spent a week with one at Hampstead Heath, where we were shown the homes, in which Miss Mulock

wrote John Halifax Gentleman, and the one in which Dickens wrote David Copperfield, also; "donkey riding" on the green near by and the old English rural game called "kiss in the ring."

The two months and more of our stay soon slipped by, the ship finished discharging, took in gas coals for ballast and sailed for Boston.

Augusta was glad to be homeward bound and wrote a poem with that heading, a copy of which I here give:-

Homeward Bound.

We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound
And my heart leaps forth at the joyous sound
For our song is glad and our spirits free,
As we bound away o'er the heaving sea

While the heavens above look brightly down
On the flashing waves with their fourteen crowns
Our white sails spread to the freshening wind
The land of old England to leave behind.

We have bade farewell to those who are dear
With sorrowing hearts, suppressing a tear
With grieving life and dim visioned eye
We've grasped them as we bade them good by.
And dear is (to the) the thought, we know they
Will think of us far upon ocean's way.
And memories sweet shall around course
Of their kindness, rose in our ocean house.

We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound,
With joy leap our hearts at the welcome sound,
For we know for away in distance lies
A greeting most glad neath our native skies
Where are loving hands with true flesh clad bon
And loyal hearts to welcome our own.
For the ties that bind us to them are strong
And we are homeward bound where we've long

Oh, the heart beats true o'er the blue sea's track
With welcome awaiting our coming back,
A welcome sweeter and by far more dear
Than we are any of those we're leaving here
Their eyes grow bright when seeing us give more
Come from strangers kind to our own dear shore
Their hearts shall leap forth at the welcome sound
We are homeward bound. We are homeward bound.

The Civil War still raged & there was
danger of capture by Confederate
cruisers, but we had a pleasant
passage arrived safely and were

gladly welcomed as the lovingly looked friends, who were "homeward bound."

The ship again loaded for another voyage round Cape Horn to San Francisco, Callao and the Chincha Islands our last to the Pacific and last in the good ship Electric Spark.

She loaded slowly and while doing so Augusta and I had some time to ourselves to visit friends in and round Boston, also mine at Blue Hill, meeting from all a welcome hearty and true memories of which are with me as I write.

We sailed Sept. 12, 1863, had light winds for a few days, then a gale in the Gulf Stream, we

thought was "the Erie gale" and congratulated ourselves that it touched without harming us. A vain thought; for two days later we ran into the severest hurricane of my sea experience. It stripped our ship of foresail, foretopmast stay sail, lower fore and main topsail, stripped jibs from the boom, broke it in the cap, flooded the decks, washed two men overboard who were lost, howled and shrieked through the rigging and spars like 10,000 demons; threw ship over on her side threatening loss of all her spars; and in which she trembled like an aspen leaf, and and her timbers creaked and groaned

in agony and steam!
It was a fearful night, no one slept, but the day following the gale abated leaving the ship tight staunch and strong of hull, though a partial wreck in spars, sails and rigging.

I have blundered through loss of journals and data burned last February and confused memories. The foregoing account is of the former voyage of 1861 and not of 1863. Therefore I subjoin account of the latter voyage.

We sailed from Boston in August 1863 for San Francisco

had moderate winds off the coast to the equator and to the vicinity of Cape Horn.

We passed through the Strait of Le Maire; had a fair wind from off the land and a smooth sea for several days; skirted along the coast of Terra del Fuego, and sketched many of its headlands including Cape Horn on several bearings and distances from it and had a fine passage round into the Pacific.

Good weather and light winds continued and we reached San Francisco just before Christmas 1863 with a passage of 126 days without disaster

of any serious character.

The ship discharged took in ballast for Callao and Chincha Islands to load another cargo of guano for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

While doing so we had visits from old friends, visited them; spent a week with our friends the Bedgleys and came to the conclusion that at the termination of that voyage we would returned to San Francisco to make it our home as the Bedgleys and other friends were desirous of our doing.

The matter was settled in our minds one evening at the house of the Bedgleys and we

relieved to feel feeling happy over it. A few hours later we were awakened from sleep by a violent shaking of the bed on which we lay. Angusta arose in terror and exclaimed "What is that? What is that?"

I replied calmly, "only an earthquake." "What"? said she an earthquake! Do they have such awful earthquakes as this here? Awaking people from a sound sleep, shocking with an awful death! I wouldn't live here for all the gold in California!"

Why! twas but a few hours ago that you thought this a fine place and decided to come here

live the rest of your life.

"Yes, I know I did" was her reply, "but did not know there were such horrid earthquakes here! Now I know it nothing can tempt me to live here."

And so our dream of a happy life in San Francisco faded like "a Castle in Spain" before our gaze.

We bade farewell to San Francisco and the host of friends we had made there for the last time sailed and never saw them after.

We had a pleasant and good passage to Callao and there were warmly greeted by others. We again visited Lima and its historic scenes.

A Spanish naval fleet had captured and held possession of the Chincha Islands for an old debt and its payment due Spain of long standing but did not molest shipping loading guano, though causes us some delay in passing our ship at Callao and in receiving orders for her loading.

That having been accomplish we sailed to the islands and moored ship near her former berth there to lie for the next three months.

There was a fleet of some 60 or 70 sail of ships at the islands for cargoes beside

the Spanish naval fleet of some half dozen ships, which policed and held possession, which otherwise they had nothing to do with the loading ships. We began loading and had received two thirds of our cargo when loading ceased and we lay idle. The Fourth of July 1864 found us there in that condition and our ship was selected for which to hold the celebration.

A company of a hundred guests or more assembled on board, under awnings fore and aft. the ship was decorated with flags from jib boom end over mast heads, down to the

flanker boom and from each mast head down the yard arms each side to the channels displaying a mass of bunting and a fine appearance.

A salute was fired at 8 a.m noon and sunset; there were boat races with prizes for winners and the mates of the fleet held a celebration with a dinner on board another ship.

We had a royal good dinner with reading of the Declaration of American Independence, toasts and speeches lasting several hours and a dance at evening lasting till midnight. It was the most complete and successful cele

bration ever held there and every one in attendance pleased & happy. One English Lady whom I handed to her boat at the conclusion said to me. "I have had as fine a time as any in my life, shall always remember it and the Fourth of July in a new light to me, as the birthday of the United States, as you called in your speech, and a new thought to me."

The Peruvian Captain of the Port and his wife were delighted, called Augusta and I. mis amigo's, the Spanish for friends sent us their photographs with their signatures and letter of

with the hope we would
return to the islands again
soon. We had compliments
showered upon us for our
hospitality and kindness.
We visited Pisco several times,
fished had dinner parties and
dances, singing and card parties
on other ships, and time flew by
rapidly. At last our ship was
loaded just as her lay days
expired. A farewell turkey
breakfast was given, the usual
hand shaking and farewells said
the hands waved us adieu, we
dipped our flag, fired a parting
gun and sailed away never
more to visit the Chincha

We sailed back to Callao, received orders to proceed to Queenstown settled all bills bade adieu to friends, sailed out of the harbor, the Coast of Peru sank below the horizon and became a memory of the past.

We held on our way toward Cape Horn, had when nearing its parallel stormy weather without observations of the sun for several days. And while running before a heavy westerly gale at mid night, a flash of lightning revealed Tower Rocks which we were passing between and the coast, and had our ship struck them no one

Would have been spare to tell the tale of the ships loss.

We were furling reefed upper fore topsail at the time and a sailor fell from the yard and was lost. Corposants showed their weird lights on mast heads and yard arms. I called Augusta to come on deck in the storm and gale to see them as she had bidden me do if ever I saw them when she was on ship board.

The sea and gale increased continually flooding the decks making dangerous longer to keep the ship before it and she was hove to with a fair wind with her head off shore.

At daylight we were near the coast not far distant and plainly in sight. The gale moderated she was kept off upon her course again, she passed Cape Horn that day plainly in view and the last time of many for us.

We went on our way, passed the Falkland Islands, entered the S.E trades, crossed the equator, the N.E trades; made Cape Clear, took a Queenstown pilot; and, chored in the harbor 98 days from Callao. just in time to escape a terrible gale on the Irish coast of the next day or two.

"All's well that ends well."

We received orders to discharge

cargo at Leith Scotland.
We were greatly disappointed,
had hope for orders to go to a
port nearer at hand. To sail
from Queenstown round into and
up the English Channel and along
the sand banks and dangers of the
east coast of England to Leith,
in the short stormy days of Nov
ember and its long dark nights
with dangers of collision and of
stranding seemed more hazard
ous, and more to be dreaded
than the passage from Callao.
But there was no changing
of the order and try it we
must.
The old proverb, of "a thing well

dreaded is half done" applied to our case. We started with a coast pilot; had dark stormy nights and days but passed into and up the English Channel through the sands of the East Coast; had gales and rough seas, and the last day to under the lee of May Island at mouth of the Frith of Forth in a terrible gale in which the steamer from Newcastle to Dundee, went down with all hands, we seeing her lights as she past May Island, and the next day anchored in Leith Roads without accident a week from Baumstown in steed

of three or four as we anticipated We ate our Thanksgiving dinner at anchor in Leith Roads and in a few days when water enough entered Leith dock, not to leave it till February, 1865.

Augusta and I took lodgings in Edinburg opposite Edinburg Castle two miles or so from Leith the port of Scotlands old and histor ic capital and a very interest ing old city where we spent two months.

There we received letters from friends at home, one being from James Edmond saying he was about to marry a widow Wales with four boys well provided for.

We both exclaimed, "What is James Edmond thinking about? Does he think he can bring a widow with four boys into his family of two boys and two girls, to live happily? It is not in the power of human nature to do it!" And the result of his marriage proved the truth of our prophesy.

We visited Edinburg Castle, the house and church of Rev. John Knox, Holyrood Palace and Abbey; the National Gallery of Arts; heard the famous preachers Drs. Candlish and Alexander, and were pleased with opportunity. We visited Glasgow, its old cathedral; its old pottery, oldest in Great Britain; its parks; its shipyards; homes of friends;

admired its fine residential sections; had a fine visited and returned to Edinburg to eat our New Years dinner and receive calls of 1865.

We made friends with whom we dined and on whom we made calls, and our visit and stay at Edinburg was joyous to us.

It was a winter, short days, many stormy; our discharge of cargo slow using up all of the 60 lay days provided in the charter for that purpose.

I made a charter for the ship to go to Newcastle on Tyne and load gas coals for Portland Me.

She was towed from Leith Harbor

and there loaded, and while there, we visited North and South Shields, Low Walker, Gateshead where De Foe was born and lived, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, Newcastle, etc.

Newcastle was a fine old town near the Scotch border, very ancient and quaint, dating back to the time of the Romans, Angles, and Northmen occupation. It was the home of Stephenson the great Engineer of colliries and steam railways and other eminent men in various walks of life. We explored its antiquities, enjoyed its quaintness, and left it with pleasant memories.

We sailed from the Tyne Feb 21 1865, had pleasant winds and weather along the East Coast, passed through the shoals and the Downs, and proceeded down Channel. We cleared the coast had a winter passage across the Atlantic. Remember our narrow escape from capture by the Jeff Davis the voyage previous and fearing a cruiser might lurk in that vicinity we avoided it and steered for the Eastern coast of Maine.

Our first landfall was Mt Desert Rock Light. I was now on the familiar coast of my youth and early sea life along which for two years I had coasted,

knew all its headlands; had been into nearly all its harbors knew its outlying dangers, and its lights.

The wind was westerly and a head the sea smooth the atmosphere and horizon clear, and the ship steered to windward in a splendid manner. We saw Mt Desert Hills, passed Duck Island where I spent a fortnight in youth; Isle au haut, and in the distance Blue Hill of my native town, these and others were pointed out to Augusta

We passed Metinicus light, saw the Camden Hills to Northward; passed Monhegan, Pemmaquid and

Seguin lights, made Portland
light and took a pilot, who
informed us that Richmond had
fallen the day before, and we
entered port feeling glad that the
war was near its end having
had 37 days passage from the
Tagus. Soon came news of
Sherman's march to the sea and
the assurance that the war was
at end making the whole North
to rejoice. Then alas! news of
the assassination of President
Lincoln, overcasting a shadow
of gloom, such as the nation
had never before seen and felt.
Such were the events, incidents
and scenes which confronted us and

the nation on our arrival at Portland.

The ship discharged her coals took in anthracite coal for ballast and sailed Boston where she arrived May 1, 1865, was put in dry dock bottom and metal examined then laid on the berth and was loaded again for a voyage to San Francisco.

I resigned her command to the regret of her owners. My chief officer at my suggestion and recommendation was placed in command of her.

She sailed I saw her off below Boston light, returned home thus severing connection after her command of over five years.

Augusta and I were to take a well earned vacation of several months. We spent a week on Marthas Vineyard, ten days at Hyannis; two weeks in and about Bangor; paid a visit to Blue Hill; another to Castine, the birth place of my mother. There we called on a Mr Hutchinson, of 103 years of age, a Revolutionary Soldier and one five then living on the roll of pensioners of that war. He was a relative of my mother whom her remembered and spoke of as "Dear Cousin Phebe" He died a few months later

At Castine were taken under guidance of Dr. Stevens also my

relative, and soldier of the war of 1812, who pointed out to us the historic points of interest in that ancient place, my great grand fathers, two, on my mothers side Oliver Parker and Joseph Perkins residences, the old fort George, thrown up on the Potters land in the Revolution; boundaries of his property etc. He also took us to the old cemetery, pointed out their graves and those of other old settlers of Castine. He was untiring in efforts to please, introduced us to many persons, and Augusta said of him, "introduced us to the living and staked out for us the graves of the dead and buried."

Our summer of much enjoyment ended, and like all travelers and globe trotters, we were ready to start again sea voyaging

Mr Mayonn owner of our last ship had none at home for us and so with Jame Bates of Cohasset and my friend Capt Holbrook of Beverly we purchase ship National Eagle I taking a quarter interest for the Atlantic trade.

She was 12 years old, built at Medford; a half clipper of 1095 tons which had been employed in the Calcutta trade under command of one Capt. Capt George Matthews of Yarmouth port Mass.

She was loaded with ice and

general cargo for New Orleans and Augusta and I sailed from Boston in her for that port in October 1865.

We had a good passage towed up river to the city, discharged her cargo, and in due course loaded a cargo of cotton for Havre France. We ate Christmas dinner with friends, it was hot and after we went to the roof to smoke and sit in shirtsleeves.

A few days later, first flakes of snow with ice in street gutters greeted us, a rare occurrence in that city.

We sailed in January 1866 for Havre; had a rough cold and stormy passage but arrived safely

docked ship and Augusta and I went to Proes Hotel where we boarded five years before and were warmly welcomed.

Our ship discharged her cargo of cotton, bills were paid, freight collect balance remitted and then in ballast set sail for New Orleans again. We cleared the channel and coast, made a southern passage through the trades, Caribean Sea, Old Bahama Channel and Gulf of Mexico to the Balize, where we anchored 49 days from Havre, there leaving Augusta on the ship in charge of a pilot I went to New Orleans by steamer to sound the freight market.

I found it dull got no offer for the ship and went to Mobile.

There much the same state existed, but was promised offer of the first cargo in the market providing I brought the ship to Mobile Bay.

I returned to New Orleans, and down river to the ship got her underway, sailed her to Mobile Bay and anchored her there to lie months before sailing therefrom.

Business was dead, the natural state at the termination of a four years war of which Mobile was the last port to surrender.

The crew was discharged and paid except officers and four young

to man a boat and the ship put under as little expense as possible.

There were several other ships in the Bay with ours, with whose masters we became acquainted, visited back and forth; fished and gathered oysters; landed on Dauphine and Sand Islands; visited the fort at entrance of the Bay- Fort Morgan; made trips to, at and from the city; enjoyed their companionships during the short summer.

To relieve the tedium we spent occasional weeks in the city; the autumn came; a freight was offered for Liverpool; I accepted and loading the ship

began and went on to finish

We got ready, hove up our anchor the chain to which covered with clinging oysters, made sails bade farewell to Mobile Bay, friends, familiar scenes; departed to see and view them never more.

It was January 1867, we had a hard, rough and stormy voyage across the Atlantic. In one gale with the ship lying to by the wind, shipped a huge sea over the bows, carrying away, jibboom, spring bowsprit; starting head and cutwater, crushing in bow chocks; carrying away foretopgallant mast, throwing over board the first mate, whom we rescued and did other damage!

We cleared the wreckage, the gale abated; the wind became fair and westbound further damaged reached Liverpool March 1867 docked ship and Augusta and I went to our old boarding house 153 Duke Street, were heartily welcomed after an absence of eight years.

The ship discharged; went into dry dock, was stripped of metal sheathing; recaulked (coppered) sheathed, damages repaired and then laid on the berth to load for Boston and home.

In the mean time Augusta and I called on old friends of whom we had a number in Liverpool.

and upon Capt Charles Chevers son and daughter, all living together with whom we dined spent a Sunday; talked of the Coxes of Brookline of whom his mother was one, and enjoyed our call and visit.

The ship finished loading, we bade a final farewell to Liverpool and friends there, sailed away; had rather a rough and long passage of 37 days, but without accident or damage. Augusta went on shore bay and baggage; I remained by the ship saw her discharged and loaded for San Francisco, placed Capt Crowell in charge; saw her

under sail outside of Boston gave her a cheer, returned to the city and took residence at Brookline June 1, 1867; thus ending my sea life of 25 years and of Augusta's of ten.

I had sailed to all the principal seaports of the world; had doubled Cape Horn 13 times; Cape of Good Hope 7 times; crossed the equator and tropics 34 times, round the Globe on continuous voyages 3 times and had sailed over more than 500,000 miles of salt water!

Augusta had sailed with me twice to and from India double Cape of Good Hope twice Australia once; round Cape Horn 6 times, to California, Puget Sound etc;

To Europe Southern states etc, had crossed the equator and tropics 18 times, and sailed over 200,000 miles of salt water; a great experience for the most robust woman, and for her of delicate health and organization a wonder!

Thus ended our sea lives.-

I entered business in Boston, we boarding in Brookline; her ten years at sea prolonged her life but it was time for her to look after health never good

For a time rest a quiet were beneficial, then decline and waste followed, consumption the bane of herself and family developed; she failed, but was of good

and strong will fought for life which had been a joy. The best medical aid and advice were sought, only to alleviate, a cure was beyond their skill.

She breathed her last breath at Brookline Nov. 17 1871, in the 43d year of her life, and the 19th of our marriage.

She had talked with me dying, and implored me not to forget to meet her in the future world. She spoke of her burial, which she pledged to be in the ground and not in the boxey tomb of which she had a horror, bade me an affectionate farewell after expressing gratitude for what I had been to her and calmly fell

In the hope of a blessed immortality. I was stunned mourned her departure as never any other made sure life was extinct then she was buried in our lot in Walnut Hill cemetery there to repose for ten years; then exhumed and reburied in my lot in Walnut Hills cemetery where she has not been disturbed for 30 years.

She lies in the right of three brick graves, the middle reserved for me, the other for the present wife. Forty years have rolled by since that last sad farewell; I have never forgotten nor ceased to love and honor

her memory. I am now old, must in the order of nature follow across the valley of shadows; and always write an abiding faith and hope in accordance with her last request of joining her in the fields of paradise, with joyfulness there to part no more forever!

The foregoing 70 pages of her life story mingled with mine may seem long to the reader, but is not half of what I might truthfully write and feel concerning her life united to mine!

Mary Cornelia Corey

5th child of Elijah Jr and Mary Richards Corey. was born in Brookline, Jan. 15, 1831. 50 years to a day after the birth of the writer!

She was named Mary for her and Cornelia after Cezars wife and like her, "above reproach"

Well I remember her at 20 a bright and handsome young woman, then to me giving promise of many years of life and usefulness

She made her home with her sister Amanda Mrs Edmond, went to Philadelphia with the the family to reside and I

never saw her again.
Alas! that fatal disease con-
sumption lurked in; it developed
attacked and undermined her
constitution and strength to
resist, and speedily carried
her down to her grave! while
Augusta and I were far
away on our ocean home
the end of her short life
came at Philadelphia (the
date I have not) and her
body was brought to Brooklin
for burial near or with other
generation of her family and

Dear Cornelia! all mem-
bers of your family have
followed through the valley

and shadow of death to the shores beyond where we trust you met, welcomed them, and are living and to live evermore in joy and peace with them, we hope and trust.

Though perhaps I am the only person left of her acquaintance to remember her. I am glad to record this notice of her short life, as a member of the Covey family and I such by marriage, having been associated with it 60 years past.

And if this meagre account of her shall prove the means of rescuing her name from oblivion, the fate of most who

live on this earth, the worthy and the unworthy; even for a few years, in her own family I shall have fulfilled the purpose of writing it.

Frederick Adolphus Covey

6th. child of Elijah Jr and Mary Richards Covey, was born in Brookline, June 20, 1833, and on Anne English of Allston and resided for some years on Harvard Street Brookline, where I am under impression, his two children were born. He was the first in the town to engage in the meat and provisions business, his place of business being below the railroad bridge near the Brookline railway station, his brother Theodore a partner. Theodore withdrew after a time, the business did not

flourish was given up, he removed from Brookline to Brighton and there worked and resided till about 1871. His health failed, he had consumption, was obliged to give up work, and I purchased a house for him in Cambridgeport, gave him the rent, and there he lived and died, I think in 1872.

I attended his funeral, his burial if I rightly remember was at Allston in the English family lot. His widow and children continued on rent free in the Cambridgeport house

for a few years then removed to Allston. They had a daughter Amanda, who grew to womanhood, married, lived in Winthrop, had children, but their names and name of their father, if I ever knew have forgotten.

Their other child, a son, named for his father, grew to manhood, never married, and died at Allston in the present year 1911. Whether the widow is still alive I know not.

I first saw Frederick in 1850 a lad living with his brother Henry and family, this

brother Theodore still younger also a member of the family I followed him through his short and hard life, did a little in a small way to make him comfortable in the last of his life, and in aid of his family. He was never healthy and strong had about him the seeds of consumption, that most painful and trying of diseases which finally ended his life. Poor Fred! your life here was a sad one! In the other world we trust it has been and well ever be joyous!

Theodore Franklin Covey.

7th and youngest child of Elijah Jr. and Mary Richards Covey, was born in Brookline Oct. 17. 1836. After his mother's death in 1848, he and his brother Frederick, were taken into the family of his older brother Henry, where I first met him in 1850. In later years I saw much of him for in 1855 he went to sea with me as a sailor boy for his health in the ship Jamestown of New York.

We sailed for San Francisco in August 1855, he and three other lads, one my youngest

brother Charles, in an after house away from the sailors in the forecastle. We had a hard voyage round Cape Horn and after passing through the tropics in the Pacific; lost two men by falling from aloft to the deck, but arrived out in 126. days from New York.

We ate Christmas and New years dinner, 1856–6 at San Francisco, discharged cargo, took in 130 Chinese steerage passage, 6 women in a deck house by themselves and sailed for Hong Kong China. Had one added to the passenger list on the voyage.

a child born in the deck house a bright little one, though I never knew the sex I had named with the mothers consent, "James-town" for our ship.

We arrived at Hong Kong Feb. 1856, the passengers went on shore, we saw no more of little "Jamestown" nor his mother, but her last words to me were, "Yes, he names Jamestown!"

We had a good passage of 47 days across the Pacific, there was quite a large fleet in port and home freights low, and the consequence was that our ship advertised to take cargo and Chinese steerage passengers

to Adilaide and Melbourne Australia, to sail at the end of 60 days from date of the advertisment.

She sailed in April latter part, with cargo in lower hold and 411 passengers. It was the last of the N.E. monsoon in the China Seas, we had light airs, calms, and hot weather, one Chinaman died and was buried at Sea with Chinese funeral rights, and we had a long passage to Anger where we anchored for water etc. of 39 days, 30 days longer than on a previous voyages, sailing [illegible] days earlier in the month

From Angor to Adelaide had a good run; there landed 380 and odd passengers and went on to Melbourne, discharged the balance and the cargo and sailed for Bombay. had a good passage of 42 days.

Theodore had enough of sea life, entered on for benefit of his health which he had recovered, and desired to go home. Our ship was to load for England, and I secured a berth for him in ship Game Cock of Boston to go from Bombay to Calcutta and there load for New York. He did so, and returned home in a little less than two years

a well and robust young man who had seen much of sea life and the world around which he had sailed, and satisfied to live on those the rest of his life.

He built a house on the what was called the Baker Pasture, near what is now the gateway to the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, on land of which he was heir to from his grand father's Corey estate; married Mary Sawtelle of Northboro and there set up house keeping, and there his first children were born.

The War of the Rebellion ensued, he enlisted in a 9 month Mass. regiment, served in

in North Carolina under Col. Cabot of Brookline, impaired his health, returned home and later was a pensioner of the government.

After the war he sold his place in Brighton, purchased a farm in Northboro to which he and family removed, and there raised early vegetables under glass for the Worcester market, the first in that section to embark in that undertaking.

He was an industrious economical farmer, and successful in which he continued many years. His family increased ten children one of the youngest

Elizabeth
was named Augusta Covedage
for the writers wife after her death
he put $103 in the Brookline for
her benefit with accumulated in-
terest to be paid to her at 21
years of age.

He continued on at farming till
age and infirmities caused his
to relinquish the work and to
turned it and the farm over
to his eldest son. His family
was well grown, a likely one,
of which he said with becoming
pride, "I have ten children, and
not a black sheep among them!"

Time rolled on his health
failed for like others of his
father's family he had con-
sumption. He took to his bed

sent word to me to come see him and make his will. I did so and at his request was named therein executor of his estate. A few weeks later

he breathed his last breath on earth. I attended his funeral and burial at Northboro, had his estate appraised, will probated at Worcester, preparations were under way for its settlement to him

his widow died after a short illness. I attended her funeral and burial at Northboro, her body being placed beside his to repose in peace together. I settled and dis

the estate in accordance with the will, presented a final account of same, which was allowed by the probate judge and I was released from said bond, and my business relations with him, his estate and family. But not I trust friendships with the latter, which I wish to continue to the end of my life.

Their ten children were

Conclusion.

I have now completed the account of the Covey family, a labor of love for the two sons of Henry, nephews of Augusta.

The biographical genealogical and historical sketches are the result of 60 years knowledge contact, research and tradition of that family.

Research of records etc for the founders and those dead before my knowledge of the family; contact with Deacon Elijah and his youngest sister Susanna, and the widow of Timothy 2d, children of Capt Covey

founder of the Brookline branch of the Lowell Family. With four daughters, sons and [illegible] wife and children, of Timothy 3d; With four Cleaves children of Juliana daughter of Capt Lowell and her two grand children Cleaves; - With Aaron and three of his children, son of Elijah; - With all the children of Elijah Jr. grand children etc; - With Elizabeth Ginger Lowell her husband Dr. Sears, her children etc Youngest daughter of Elijah; With marriage to Elisabeth Augusta Lowell and 18½ years life with her, grand

daughter of Elijah daughter Elijah Jr. who brought me to know, love and hold sweet friendships to the end of their lives with all her brothers and sisters; And lastly, to continue the same to their children and grand children to the present.

The contents of this little book may be relied upon, except errors of transcribbing which may have been made, and faulty inadvertant language of the writer, - as a true and worthy account of the family, record and dearer to me than any other on this earth, my present wife her children and my parents excepted! -

It is with pleasure I present it to you, nephew of my beloved departed Augusta; nephew of mine by marriage; a lifelong friend and brother of the higher order of brotherhood, which seeketh not its own, but the welfare of all mankind, but more especially the banded brethren.

I am now old, must in the order of nature, make the journey soon to that far country from whose borders no traveler returns there, as I trust, to meet that throng of loved ones, who have long watched for my coming, with them to be united again never more

to part. And if permitted to come to them glad tidings of relatives and friends of earth, especially of you and yours.

The shores of earth are shifting, every year,
And I am seaward drifting, every year;
Old places changing fast me,
The living more forget me,
And fewer to regret me, every year.

But truer life draws nigher, every year,
Its morning star climbs higher, every year;
Earth's heavy burdens lighter
Its boldest me grows lighter,
And dawn immortal brighter, every year.

Rufus George Frederick Sandage.

Gleasondale, Mass.

November 28. 1911.